

## Mia. by Emmy96

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Billy is a criminal, Billy is not a nice guy, F/M, Tension, kidnap

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Mentions of Max Mayfield, Tommy Hagan, tommy's brother

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Original Female Character(s)

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**Summary:**

Billy Hargrove is a criminal who ran from Indiana to the safety net of California, but he soon found himself running out of money. The only solution for him and his friends was to construct a plan to kidnap and rob one of the richest families in California, little does he know one girl isn't going to give up to him or his friends so easily.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

I suck at summaries and I wanted to try something new!

Billy huffed, the smoke whirling around his mouth as he focused on the house in front of him. They were rich alright, not that he didn't already know that after all they had been staking it out for weeks knowing what lay behind the expensive designs. The family who owned it were rich as shit, and Billy would be damned if he didn't take advantage of their wealth he needed the money after all.

"Damnit, can we just go in already?" Tommy huffed beside him making Billy roll his eyes in annoyance.

"The fuck have I told you?" he gritted out turning to the freckled-faced boy. The boy widened his eyes clearly regretting annoying Billy, the little twirp knew what the muscled blonde was capable of he had seen it with his own eyes.

"Sorry man" Tommy apologised immediately as Billy rolled his eyes, what a pussy he thought before his eyes squinted on the house. He leant forward on the steering wheel of his Camaro, his eyes narrowed in on the expensive BMW that pulled into the driveway.

An older looking man got out first, he was clearly balding on the top of his head whilst some light copper coloured hair wrapped around the back. He was followed by a scrawny blonde kid, who stepped out excitedly running up to the front door of the house, the older man who Billy guessed was their Dad smiled at the boy pretending to chase him. The scene made Billy's chest pang as he gripped the wheel, his knuckles tightening around the leather in what he guessed was either rage or jealousy, or both. His old man never did that to him, hence why he fled back to California the second chance he got. He was snapped out of his thoughts, when a pair of feet stepped out of the car a teenage girl maybe a year or two younger than him speared in his view. He licked his lips, at her long legs extenuated by the skirt she was wearing which he guessed was her school uniform,

he noted she looked pissed off as she threw a glare towards her father before slamming the door shut, and stomping toward the house her brown hair flowing behind her.

“Damn, now that’s a hot piece of ass” Tommy leered from beside Billy, who threw the boy a look. Not that he disagreed, the girl looked just his type which would make this operation a whole lot easier.

“Makes it easier for us” Billy stated coolly, voicing his opinion as Tommy and Larry chuckled before bumping fists with one another. Billy sniffed, winding down his window to throw the remains of his cigarette away. “Let’s go boys” he stated, a sick grin on his face as his two companions hollered in glee beside him.

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Mia grunted as she looked in the mirror, smoothing down her velvet pants that seemed to hug her in all the right places whilst her top stopped mid navel. Cheeky, yet flirty she had thought to herself as she applied her red lipstick and popped her lips. There was no way her Dad would approve of this outfit, but he was never going to know she thought as she put her jacket over her and zipped it up. He could shove it for all she cared she thought, before being interrupted by the phone in her bedroom ringing.

“Nat, I’ll be there soon” she stated as the girl babbled on the other end about them being late. Mia rolled her eyes. “I know, my dads being a bit of a dick but I’m coming” she stated nodding her head animatedly. “Cya soon” she replied putting the phone down and shutting her bedroom door, her converse sneaking along the hallway.

“Mia Kimberly Jones, where are you going?” her Dad called out making her wince.

Mia turned her head, noting her Dad standing in the hallway with a stern expression on his face. “Well?” he prodded.

Mia glared. “I’m going out Dad, we talked about this” she bit back with a hint of attitude.

“And I remember telling you that you couldn’t go, or was I mistaken?” he asked.

Mia rolled her eyes. "Come on Dad, it's a get together with a few friends and its Friday night" she whined.

"Mia, your seventeen years old" he started. "I'm not an idiot, I was drinking at parties when I was seventeen" he stated making Mia roll her eyes.

"I'll drive if your that bothered" she retorted.

"Out of the question" he stated.

"God sake, ever since mom left you've become unbearable!" she cried out in frustration. "I get good grades at school Dad, cant you let me hang out with my friends" she asked feeling frustrated and fed up.

Her Dad scowled. "I resent that comment and I'll pretend I never heard that" he started with a sigh. "You have been doing good in school lately though" he started before sighing. "Take the car and I want you back by 11.00" he started as Mia smiled.

"11.30" Mia tried.

"11.00" her Dad scowled.

"Thanks Dad, I'm sorry for what I said" she apoligised before running over to hug her Dad.

"Just don't make me regret my decision" he stated as Mia walked out to the car, her keys twirling in her hands.

She reversed off the drive, the stereo pumping as she sped down the road singing along to Metallica. She paused at a traffic light, deciding to take a glance in the passenger seat and cursing when she realised she forgot her purse, they would be buying drinks and she had to contribute despite the fact she didn't plan on drinking much as she was driving.

"Shit" she hissed to herself, before turning back around and racing back to her house, hoping she wouldn't be late to the party. Mia paused when she noted something strange, the hallway lights were off and they didn't come back on when she flicked the switch. She cursed, before switching the lap on figuring the power might have tripped.

"Dad?" she called out gingerly. "Dad, I forgot my-" she stated rounding the corner, she paused her heart beating in her chest as she took in the scene in front of her.

Her Dad was gagged and tied up, his hands behind his back, her brother tied up and gagged with duck tape in another. She ran up to her father, getting down on her knees in front of him.

"Dad!" she cried out reaching to take the tape off his mouth so she could hear him, his shouts were muffled behind the tape as he looked over her shoulder.

Mia heard a gun click behind her. "I wouldn't do that if I were you sweetheart" a cool voice stated behind her, the feeling of cool metal prodded her temple. "Stand up" it commanded as Mia slowly got to her feet.

"Turn around" the voice commanded.

Mia slowly turned to face the voice, a boy stood in front of her about one or two years older than her. He would have been her type if he was in school, bright blue eyes pierced her dull brown ones, a shaggy blonde mullet curled around the base of his neck the hair unruly and messy. He was tall and broad, and she guessed he worked out considering how his muscles contracted under his denim jacket. His blue eyes held a dangerous glint which made Mia nervous.

"Get over there" he indicated with the gun to the corner where her brother was tied up.

Mia stepped back, her hands raised slightly and her breathing elevated as she walked backward before crouching down beside her brother and pulling him to her chest.

The boy smirked. "Cute" he muttered his voice dripping with sarcasm before his eyes rolled onto her father. "Now, this is what's gonna happen old man" he started prowling over to her father, grabbing him by the scruff of his neck, the old man screaming under the binds of his tape.

"We know you have a shit ton of money" the boy started. "Money that your gonna give to us, because were so generous we'll give you 24 hours to access the money before we blow your brains out" he stated nonchalantly shrugging his shoulders, Mia's eyes widened

hoping her Dad would just give it up. "And the hardrive" the boy stated.

Mia's eyes widened, the hardrive had family photos on there was no way her father would give that up easily.

"Now, your gonna stay" the boy started before coming over to Mia and tugging her up off the floor, the young girl struggled and protested in his arms, her back to his chest. She felt the metal of the gun on the side of her head making her still. "And I'll take the girl, Tommy take the boy" he instructed to the freckle face to the side of her, the boy had been giving Mia a leering grin that made her skin crawl but at least he wasn't unpredictable.

"No, please" Mia cried out the prospect of being separated from her little brother scared her.

"Walk" the boy commanded in her ear pressing the gun into her head, and shoving her forward that she almost tripped over her feet. He came to a halt by the door, grabbing her arm and turning her around' "Say bye to daddy" he mocked in her ear, Mia looked at her fathers tear stained face. It was the last thing she saw before she was shoved out of the door, toward the direction of her room.

## 2. Chapter 2

Mia tripped over her converse as she was shoved into her bedroom, she backed up retreating to the safety of her corner her eyes trained on the boy in front of her. She watched him slam the door shut before turning his attention on her, a wicked glint in his eyes as he turned around to face her.

Mia backed away as he slowly walked over to her, her eyes focused on him as her back hit the wall with no escape. Her eyes widened as he came to a stop in front of her, before crouching down on his knees to look directly into her eye. Mia's breath hitched when the boy reached out to wipe a piece of hair that had stuck to her face due to the abundant amount of make-up she was wearing and the summer heat.

"It's pretty hot" the boy commented, his eyes trailing down to her half-zipped up jacket. "might wanna take that off, we're gonna be here a while" he stated as Mia shook her head at him, trying to lay it cool. "No?" he asked with a scoff, a trace of disbelief in his voice.

Mia shook her head again. "Take it off" he commanded. "I said take it off!" he shouted making Mia jump as her hands gingerly gripped her zipper, her hands shaking and heart beating as she slowly undid the jacket before shrugging it off. She didn't miss the hungry look in his eyes as they trailed her exposed navel, suddenly she wished she was wearing a jumper or something to cover her modesty.

The boy stood up, his hand reaching down for hers. "I'm Billy" he introduced. "What's your name?" he asked.

Mia eyed his hand, not sure what to do. Her heart was beating rapidly in her chest, she knew she would have to bide her time for now maybe get him to trust her, so she reached her hand out into his as he pulled her up. "Mia" she replied sullenly.

Billy licked his lips. "Mia" he muttered. "Why don't you have a seat?" he gestured to the bed as Mia let go of his hand, doing what he said for now.

She felt the soft mattress underneath her, as she tucked her legs to

her chest drawing her hands around them protectively.

“Was that kid your brother?” he asked, making Mia wonder why he was trying to talk to her.

Mia nodded. “I got a kid sister about his age maybe a year older” he confessed. “She’s a real shit head at times but if anyone hurt her” he trailed off not finishing his sentence, his eyes darkening slightly making Mia’s heart beat faster.

“Where is my brother?” she asked quietly, nerves evident in her tone.

Billy licked his lips. “He’s fine, providing he behaves himself” he stated making Mia gulp, his eyes tracked the movement a wicked smirk overtaking him, as he slowly crawled up the bed placing his hands on either side of her. He was in her space, his breath fanning her cheeks as he looked into her eyes. “Same goes for you, if you’re a good girl then I won’t hurt you” he whispered before bending his head down to the shell of her ear. “But if your bad..”he trailed off with a threatening tone, the shell of the gun pointing to her exposed navel the cool metal on her skin, as her breathing accelerated.

“Just take the money” Mia stated. “We won’t say anything” she tried to bargain.

Billy chuckled. “I’ve watched the movies darling, I know how it goes” he responded, backing up a little.

Mia shook her head. “Why are you doing this?” she asked.

Billy smirked. “because I can” he responded coolly. “And if I can, then I will” he stated.

“you’re a loser” Mia replied.

Billy narrowed his eyes. “What’s you say?” he asked lowly, danger lingering in his voice.

“I said you’re a loser, picking on innocent people and trying to get their hard-earned cash” she stated narrowing her eyes. “My Dad earned that money fair and square, worked every day and then you think you can come and take it you ass-” she started but cried out



when she felt a sharp sting in her cheek, her head whipping to the side before her hair was being yanked out of its scalp.

“Listen hear you little bitch, you better watch your fucking mouth” Billy hissed, his eyes wild as he narrowed them at her. “Better yet, maybe I’ll shut it for you” he stated before grabbing some tape in his hand.

Mia wriggled underneath him, her fists bounding off his chest as Billy straddled her before placing the tape over her mouth whilst stringing some ropes around her wrists. He laughed at her muffled protests before mockingly placing a finger over his lips, his head bent down as his forehead was inches from hers.

“ssh baby, wouldn’t want daddy to see you pinned beneath me” he mocked with a click of his tongue.

Mia let out a disgusted grunt as she withed beneath him. Billy laughed as he got up and made his way towards the bedroom door, which was left slightly ajar. He grabbed onto the handle before turning back and looking over his shoulder.

“Won’t be long don’t move unless you want a bullet in your head” he warned, his eyes cast downwards as he looked at her. His hulking frame made its way out of the door, as Mia watched him leave before she tugged at the knots around her wrists. She screamed in frustration as she failed to undo the ropes.

Her frustration continued to grow, she struggled until she stopped and spotted a small object on the surface. Mia squinted her eyes, before noting her nail file peaking from underneath her duvet she remembered filing her nails and figured she must have left it there when she was getting ready for the night.

She stuck her tongue out in concentration, her toes wiggling as she attempted to grab the object with her foot. The ropes created some restraint and Mia hissed as they burnt her wrists, she felt triumph course through her veins as she managed to manoeuvre the file up the bed with her foot before successfully grabbing it with her fingertips. She kept one eye on the opened bedroom door, whilst attempting to work the ropes with the limited movement of her bound wrists, she held the file between her fingertips her wrists bent backwards making Mia hiss at the pain.

She worked quickly trying to untie the bound, fear coursing through

her veins worried that Billy may return whilst the friction of the rope caused a sharp pain to sting her wrists. She hissed in frustration as the rope started to slowly unbind itself before it finally snapped, causing one of her hands to be let loose. Mia wasted no time, tugging the rope from her other wrist ferociously before ripping the tape from her mouth causing her to wince, as she felt blood trickle from her lips.

She scanned the room, noting the open bedroom door. She bit her lip as she slowly got up from her bed, opening the door slowly and wincing when it creaked slightly. Mia stilled, her veins filled with ice as she opened the door and slithered her way through the gap she had created. She surveyed the empty hallway noting how quiet everything seemed before gingerly tiptoeing her way across the room, making sure to try and avoid the squeak in the floorboards.

“Yeah, what happens if they don’t get the money Tommy? We can’t just kill people” she heard a voice from the next room say.

Mia stilled, flatting herself against the wall whilst covering her mouth ensuring her breaths weren’t heard.

“Jesus Ly, will you just relax” Tommy stated clearly aggravated. “Billy has it under control nobody is going to die tonight” Tommy stated.

The other boy scoffed. “Billy is a psycho man, you saw what he did to Jamie Harrison the other day” he stated. “I-I don’t trust him” he stuttered.

“Hey! Shut the fuck up okay, you blow this and ours heads will be on stakes here man. Just chill out, let him handle this shit” Tommy growled clearly getting frustrated.

Mia took her chance, peering around the corner to see the two males embroiled in a conversation with each other before she slowly stepped past the open doorway, keeping her eyes on the males ensuring they wouldn’t be looking at her. She licked her lips, as she gingerly stepped past the door successfully before hurrying along the empty corridor, she stepped quietly and rounded the corner only to bump into a hard chest.

Mia's eyes widened, as she looked up at deep blue eyes glaring back at her. She instinctively stepped back keeping her eyes trained on the male in front of her.

"Going somewhere baby doll?" Billy taunted with the click of his tongue. His blue eyes stared her down as he took a slow step forward.

Mia took one back gulping as her back hit the wall. Billy traced his eyes over her neck before he huffed, one arm caged her in as the other took out a gun and pressed it to her slightly exposed navel making Mia wince at the cool metal on her skin.

"You come with me or I put a bullet through that stomach of yours" he warned lowly, a threatening edge to his voice.

Billy didn't give her time to react to his threat, before he was pulling her behind him and into the confines of her bedroom, she squealed as he threw her down roughly on the bed.

"Maybe I'll have to keep an eye on you after all" he threatened lowly pinning her wrists to the bedpost whilst tightening a rope around them, he decided to also tie her legs down to the bedpost before removing himself from her.

"There that's better" he muttered slyly as he turned her desk chair around before straddling it. He was watching her like a hawk which meant she would need to bide her time, for now. Either way, she was getting out of here before the night was over.